



VOLUME II.

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### THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

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(INVARIA BLY IN ADVANCE.)  
N. B.—Special terms to newspaper dealers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
One Dollar a square, (eight lines of this type) per month; except under conditions that will warrant a reduction or justify an advance.

Charges on Local Advertisements due on the day following the issue of the paper.

Special Notice.—Under no circumstances will any advertisement of uncharitable character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

DESTINY.  
BY SYRANZA (LADY WILDE.)

I. There was a star that lit my life—  
It hath set to rise no more,  
For Heaven, in mercy, withdrew the light  
I vain would have knelt before.

II. There was a flower I plucked in my dream,  
Fragrant and fair to see;  
Oh, would I had never awoke and found  
Such bloom not here for me.

III. There was a harp, whose magic tone,  
Echoed my faintest words—  
But Destiny's hand, with a ruthless touch,  
Hath rent the golden chords.

IV. There was a path like Eden's vale,  
In which I was spell'd to stay;  
But Destiny rose with a flaming sword  
To guard that path away.

V. I've looked on eyes were like the stars—  
Their light is quenched for me;  
And a soul I have known like the golden harp  
That breath'd but melody.

VI. And moments bright as that dream-land  
Where bloomed the radiant flower,  
Oh! would I had died ere I felt the gloom  
Of this dark, jealous hour.

VII. Fate! the time I rail'd mine eyes  
To eyes whose light hath blazed—  
Yet ere I could turn from their glance away,  
Life had with gaining waded.

VIII. Bitter the thoughts that years may pass—  
Yet thus it must be over,  
To look on by the form, to hear thy voice—  
But nearer—nearer, never.

IX. Could I but love as I love the stars,  
Or the quail of the twilight breeze,  
Or the pale light of the wandering moon  
Glancing through forest trees;

X. With a stainless, calm, untroubled love,  
Look upwards and adore,  
Could I but thus gaze life away,  
Without the wish to soar.

XI. In vain I vain I hope, I weep,  
I kneel the long nights in prayer—  
Oh! better to die in the noon of life,  
Than love, and yet despair.

XII. Our old friend, J. J. O'Brien, has recently removed to the new and splendid store, the Arcade, on Market street, a removal demanded by the large increase in his business. We have recently visited the new store, and we cannot too strongly express our admiration of the beautiful manner in which it is fitted up, the splendid stock on view, and the care which has been exercised in the selection of dry goods suitable to the most varied tastes. All who visit the Arcade are certain to meet with such attention and courtesy as will induce them to return whenever they want a good article at a fair price. The gentlemanly deportment of Mr. O'Brien and his assistants has earned for them a legion of friends who are sure will be happy to re-visit them in the Arcade, certain of a good reception.

Dr. Edwin Betty, of San Francisco, has been elected by the Directors of the Insane Asylum at Napa, Resident Physician and Superintendent.

P. HUMPHREYS,  
City and County Surveyor,  
WASHINGTON STREET,  
bet. Kearney and Montgomery.

### IRISH NEWS.

JOSEPH EMERSON, Esq., of Parliament street, Kilkenny, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Kilkenny.

THE deaths registered in Dublin during the week ending the 19th ult., were 180, and the births 189.

POTATOES are selling cheap in Carlow at 4d. stone.

On the 21st ult., the Reverend Dr. Crane, of the Order of St. Augustine, who has for many years been known as a zealous and devoted clergyman, ministering in one of the most populous and poorest districts of the city of Dublin, was consecrated Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia. His eminence Cardinal Cullen was the consecrating prelate, the Right Rev. Dr. Farlong, Bishop of Ferns, and the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, officiating as assistants to the Bishop elect. The Bishops of Drogheda, Kildare and Leighlin, Bathurst, Auckland, and Ballarat, were present, together with a large congregation. Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P. preached the sermon at the close of the Mass.

S. A. Kirby Esq., County Surveyor of Longford, has been County Surveyor of Cork. The name of his successor has not yet been announced.

THERE is an increase of fever in the Thurles district, the fever admissions, during the week ending the 19th ult., to the Workhouse Hospital numbering 20. It is said the fever is caused by the wretched sanitary condition of the district. The water of the river is spoken of as impure and unfit for household use.

MR. JOHN HINTON put up for sale at public auction in the market-house of Ennisceorthy, on the 19th ult., the tenant's interest in the farm of Templecory, containing 164 statute acres held by lease for 300 years, at the yearly rent of £165. The biddings commenced at £200 and closed at £1,260, given by A. H. Goff Esquire.

THE interest of the dairy farm of Ballygugane, near Hollywood, co. Tipperary, containing 284 statute acres, all in grass was sold by auction to Mr. James Heyday, of Clonsilla, for the sum of £1,350. The farm is held at a yearly rent of £40, under a lease which there are 28 years unexpired. It was sold with the consent of the landlord, Mr. Robert Fitzmaurice Hunt, Monkstown, Dublin.

On the 18th ult. an old man named Martin Murphy, residing at Courtmacsherry, about five miles from Ennisceorthy, and a tenant on the estate of Lord Carey, committed suicide by cutting his throat. It is supposed the man was laboring under a fit of insanity when he put an end to his existence.

On the 23d ult. some rioting took place at Ardmore, about five miles from Lurgan. A Catholic drumming party, about twenty in number, were marching through the place, when an altercation with a Protestant party took place. One house was completely wrecked. Informations have been taken against ten persons alleged to have been concerned in the outrage, and they will have to appear at the next petty sessions. In Lurgan, on the next night, there was a party dispute, in which stone throwing was freely indulged in, and one man was seriously injured.

A sum of about £200 has been subscribed by the inhabitants of Drogheda, a deputation from the committee having charge of the Waterworks Testamentary fund, to the Waterworks, to the form of a drinking fountain, they waited on the Corporation in committee, to confer with that body on a site and supply when erected. Nothing definite was decided on, as an objection was raised that the matter was not brought before them, and the subject was postponed. The deputation then withdrew. On the laying of the foundation it is intended to present Mr. Whitworth with a suitable address.

The Limerick Harbor Commissioners received on the 21st ult. a report from their engineer on the cost of removing the obstruction in the bed of the river in front of the entrance to the dock, by which the free passage of large vessels into the basin is seriously impeded. Mr. Long states that the whole of the ground is solid rock which will have to be removed by blasting. He estimates the cost of the removal approximately at £3000 but says that this amount must not be regarded as in any degree reliable, as a correct opinion of the cost of rock work so circumstanced cannot well be arrived at with any degree of certainty. The Board have resolved to defer the work till next Summer.

The Royal Engineers have received instructions from the War Office to immediately commence experiments with a view to blowing up Daunt's Rock at the mouth of Cork Harbor.

The mill workers in Taylor & Sons' mills, at Carrickfergus, struck work on the 26th ult. against a reduction of wages. The strike reduces about one-fourth of the population of the town to idleness.

MAJOR JOHN BLOOD SMITH, of Tedamore, Bruff has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Limerick.

REV. MR. RYAN, for many years parish priest of Cahereenish, expired somewhat suddenly at Byrne's Hotel, Limerick, on the 19th ult. He had just returned from Kilkenny, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health.

On the 23d ult., as the train to Dublin reached midway between Kildare and Seilins, on the Great Southern and Western line, a soldier deliberately threw himself across the rails. In spite of the efforts of the driver, the entire train passed over the unfortunate man, leaving the head from the trunk. When the train was brought to a stand the deceased was recognized as a bombardier named James Delaney, of the Royal Artillery, stationed at the Curragh.

An immense gathering took place at Drogheda on the 20th ult., accompanied by Metropolitan, Dundalk, and other bands, the occasion being the anniversary of the death of Col. Leonard who took an active part in the "rising" and organization of the National party in that district. At 12 o'clock the procession formed at the Royal Artillery, and proceeded, and proceeded, the bands playing the "Dead March," to the graveyard at Mellifont Abbey, where a memorial cross is to be placed to mark the grave of him whom it was their delight to honor. Some thousands of people took part in the procession, but many were prevented by its becoming known that the police had orders to take the names of such as appeared as leaders.

The village of Clara, in the Kings County, was, on the 17th ult., the scene of a sad occurrence. A respectable young woman, named Anne Farrell, aged 25 years, while laboring under insanity, rushed out of her house, and ere it could be discovered where she had gone, she succeeded in drowning herself in the Clara river. The body was discovered in a few hours and conveyed to the unfortunate creature's house. When a married sister of the deceased saw the body she received such a terrible shock that she died in an hour. Another sister and the mother were also stricken down and lie in a precarious condition.

The annual show of the county Carlow Agricultural Society was held on the 16th ult. There was a good attendance of the local gentry and the quality of the stock exhibited was fine, especially the young bulls and the various classes of sheep. The members took dinner at the Carlow Club in the evening.

On the 20th ult., a gray horse, value for about £50, was stolen out of Mr. Lewis's field, near Scariff Bridge, about two and a half miles from Ballinacorney.

JOSEPH H. MOORE, Esq., County Surveyor of Westmeath, has been appointed County Surveyor of Meath, in the room of S. S. Seabank, Esq., resigned.

On Monday, Mr. Keenan, the American reader, while proceeding along the Rathmines road on a side car, was thrown to the ground, and received a severe cut on the head. The injuries, however, were not serious, and he is only superficially hurt.

A respectable young man, belonging to Sydney, who had lately returned from America, has been arrested in Fortdown, on a charge of being drunk and of having badly treated a horse which he was driving. He was searched in the barrack, when it was found that he had on his person a seven-chambered revolver, part of which was loaded, and also a box of cartridges. He was taken before Captain Wheeler, R. M., who remanded him until the late Petty Sessions.

A preliminary meeting was recently held in Maryborough to make arrangements for the formation of a brass band for that town. There was a large attendance, and great interest was manifested in the proceedings. It was unanimously resolved to form the band without delay and a committee was formed for that purpose, with power to add to their numbers. Several subscriptions were handed in, after which the meeting adjourned.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.—An extraordinary highway robbery occurred on Sunday at Fota, seven miles from Cork. A respectable-looking man named Kavanagh lately returned from America for the purpose of seeing his country, while walking from Cork to Queenstown he was attacked by a man at Fota, knocked down and robbed. His assailant searched his pockets, and finding where the money was—in his right trousers pocket—he cut it out with a clasp knife and decamped.

ALLEGED INDEMNITY.—A splendid range of out-offices and a large rick of hay, the property of Samuel D. Biggs, Esq., of Bellevue, near Carrigrohane, were burned on Friday evening week. The popular owner of the property thinks the burning must have been malicious. Some of the respectable ratepayers of the district state, however, that the burning must have been accidental.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An inquest was held on Saturday at the Richmond Hospital on the body of Robert Lee, whose death was caused by the fracture of his skull, which he sustained from a fall of a cart on the Conyngham road. A verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

THE strike of the mill workers at Carrickfergus has been terminated by the men resuming work at the reduced wages, and a scheme advised by the employers.

THE aged Geraldine, of most ancient lineage, who was lying on a bed from which, it is feared by his friends, he will not rise a living man. Being in his 84th year, it is only recognizing the course of nature to apprehend that his earthly career must be drawing towards its final scene.

### EASTERN NEWS.

MONTGOMERY, October 17.—Colonel Thomas B. Whitmore, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Conservative party of Sumter County, was arrested at Livingston today on a charge of conspiracy to injure Detective Hester. The Democratic meeting advertised was about to assemble when the arrest was made. This was the first Democratic meeting held in Sumter County since Detective Hester took control of the county three weeks ago. There are two United States Commissioners, both Republicans, in Livingston, but Whitmore is to be carried to Mobile to be tried before Commissioner Gillette. Detective Hester has had a posse of about fifty men arrested for quelling a riot in Sumter County, and arrests are still being made.

CHICAGO, October 6.—A Post Washington special says: "A dispatch received at the Attorney General's office this morning from the United States Marshal at Montgomery, Alabama, states that forty two more arrests of persons guilty of outrages upon Republicans and of stopping the United States mails have been made."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—The following postal changes have been ordered for the Pacific Coast: Office established at Birmingham, California; Luther M. Frick, Postmaster. Postmasters appointed: M. A. Long, at Bartlett Springs, Lake County, Cal.; James Ryan, at Butte City, Colusa County, Cal.; Morris Dick, at Colville, Mono County, Cal.; James L. Ballard at Hot Springs, Modoc County, Cal.

The police have arrested a gang of book thieves who had been making an extensive depredations on the committee's rooms of the Capitol, and 1,350 pounds of documents have been recovered, most of them valuable volumes, which cannot be replaced. The thieves systematically entered the rooms and carried away their plunder.

NEW YORK, October 16.—The grain trade was thrown into a state of excitement to-day by the announcement of the collapse of the corner in oats at Chicago, and the suspension of J. R. Edgar & Co., of Burlington, Iowa, who were the principal movers in the corner. Prices of corn in this city were very unsettled, and dealers were afraid of operating. But nothing special transpired beyond the decline of one cent per bushel. The agitation was felt in nearly all branches of business, and values were very much unsettled. The provision market was almost entirely demoralized, and bear movements in most pork were lively. In out meat there was scarcely any business. It is feared that several suspensions will follow.

The jury which tried Wm. M. Tweed found him guilty of "misconduct," but Judge Davis, in signing the record, made it "misdeemeanor," and imposed a sentence of fine and imprisonment for each misdemeanor to which the verdict applied. A motion was made before Judge Brady in the Court of Oyer and Terminer to-day to restore the record to the original findings. After argument the Court reserved its decision.

NEW ORLEANS, October 17.—The Concordia parish Grand Jury, composed of two white men and the balance colored, have found a true bill against Young, a colored member of the Legislature, for embezzling \$30,000 belonging to the parish; also a true bill against Owen Stewart, Sheriff, for obtaining property under false pretences.

BALTIMORE, October 17.—George Brown has received from California a postal card containing the following: "You cannot beat Long—Steve in single combats for \$5,000 a side, in San Francisco, within 45 minutes." Both (signed) Albert Don, Club of Yachting, Cal. Although this seemed upon its face, the friends of Brown will make an effort to discover if a race can be got up.

WASHINGTON, October 18.—It is understood that the report of special Agent Elliott on affairs of Alaska will urge the removal of troops from that country; the establishment of a better and cheaper supervision of Government interests there, which is now suffering under a clumsy and inefficient system; protection of the sea of fur trade; extension there by Congress of the criminal laws of Oregon and Washington Territory, so that murderers and other criminals may be punished. The proposed immigration of Icelanders to Alaska is condemned, and immigrants are recommended to settle on Puget Sound, where the climate and resources are very superior.

NASHVILLE, October 19.—Governor Brown, in a letter to-day addressed to Governor Beveridge, of Illinois, in relation to the alleged kidnapping of George W. Smith, now indicted in this State for murder, takes the ground that he is now in the hands of the Judiciary and out of his control; that the Constitution of Tennessee so distinctly defines and separates the Executive and Judicial departments that he cannot interfere. As to the abductors of Smith, Governor Brown says no requisition has been made for them, but when made, will receive due consideration.

Indianapolis, October 19.—Official returns from seventy three counties, with a number to hear from, give Democratic majority of 14,783. In Knox County the vote is a tie. Leaving this out, the Legislature stands—Senate, Democrats 23, Republicans 24; Independents 3; House, Democrats 52, Republicans 37; Independents 10.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

MADRID, October 16.—Don Carlos has returned to Tolosa while reports continue to be received of additional defeats of Carlists by the Republicans and of the presence of insurgents in the camps of the Government troops with request for amnesty.

SANTANDER, Oct. 16.—Important dispatches have been received from the city of Madrid in relation to the resumption of negotiations for the surrender of Carlists.

LONDON, October 16.—The Fiji Islands have been annexed to Great Britain, and the British flag has been hoisted on the principal islands by officers of the navy. The Fiji Islands are 154 in number, but only 100 are inhabited. The population is estimated at 140,000. The richness of the soil and the variety of the climate make it a valuable acquisition, as it is admirably adapted to the growth of all semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. It will be governed by the English as a Crown Colony.

LONDON, October 16.—The Minister of the Argentine Republic, resident in this city, has received a telegram from the authorities in Buenos Ayres stating that the insurgent revolution has proved a failure, and that General Mitre, the insurgent chief, has returned home.

KINROSS, October 13.—A meeting of Cubans on the 10th instant, engaged in the celebration of the 6th anniversary of the Declaration of Cuban Independence, was dispersed by order of the Governor by the police, who were directed to take the names of those who refused to leave. Quesada, who was speaking at the time, said that having no country of their own they were obliged to obey the illegal orders of those who imagined they had the power to prevent the innocent gathering.

BERLIN, October 17.—The Emperor William will visit Victor Emanuel next year.

RIO JANEIRO, October 19.—The news from the Argentine States continues warlike. The insurgent leaders, Rivas, Borges, and Arredondo, had joined General Mitre. Several vessels of the navy have gone over to the insurgents. Sarmiento has taken command of the troops to defend Buenos Ayres. The Argentine Government has requested the authorities at Montevideo to prohibit onistants and export of arms for the rebel forces.

PARIS, Oct. 19.—The Election returns complete from the three departments for members of the Versailles Assembly, show that in the departments of Seine et Loire and Alps the Republican candidates have been elected. In the department of Pas de Calais, Mangrand, Bonapartist and Septennarist, has obtained a majority of the votes cast, but a fresh ballot will be necessary.

LONDON, October 19.—Arrived at Liverpool, ships Grandee and Thomas Dana, from San Francisco. At London, ship Monita, from San Francisco.

The following are the latest European mail advices, per steamer "Adriatic" received from several correspondents of the American Press Association in London: Marshal Bazaine is still in the neighborhood of Liege, Belgium. Madam Bazaine having, through the Marshal's Counsel, ascertained that she will not be molested, will shortly visit Paris to look after her private interests.

LONDON Oct. 19.—Disputes from Egypt say that the cotton crop, which is large, has suffered but little from the late overflow of the Nile upon it.

A special to the Times says a famine prevails in the Russian Provinces of Kherson and Resovian.

The Morning Post reports that Germany has definitely proposed to the Powers the adoption of the International Maritime Code.

BATONNE, Oct. 20.—Francis Girard, Representative of the English Carlist Committee, and Cecil Buckland, correspondent of the New York Times, started yesterday for the Carlist headquarters, and from reports of hand it is believed that both have been shot by the Republicans.

VIMNA, Oct.—The Press says Germany has given friendly and satisfactory assurances to Denmark in regard to the expulsion of Danes from Schleswig. She has admitted the possibility of mistakes through the excessive zeal of local authorities and intimated her readiness to examine each case and give full satisfaction where wrong has been done. A fervent desire is expressed for the maintenance of good relations with Denmark.

LONDON, October 21.—A special to the Times from Spain says the negotiations for the surrender of the Carlist battalions commanded by Bernola, and Gerrodo, have apparently failed.

The story of a rising against Don Carlos in the Basque Provinces is false. It originated in the conduct of an eccentric member of the Carlist Provincial Deputation who spoke disrespectfully of Don Carlos and subsequently advocated peace. A proposal to shoot him caused great excitement among his friends, which is the only foundation for the report.

The Carlists on Sunday burned a manufactory and some houses within sight of the Republicans before Bilbao. Loss estimated at \$100,000.



## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

The following half-told tale is a Rabbinical legend. The story further on relates that when the chest was opened by the custom-house officer, the glorious light and beauty of Sarah's countenance illumined all Egypt, drew a blister on the "immediate vicinity," and made the sun so ashamed of his second-rate warming facilities that he wore a cloud veil to cover his blushes during her stay in Egypt:

When Abraham, with Sarah, went  
To Egypt, they thought best  
For safety, in that doubtful land,  
To lock her in a chest.

He locked her in a chest because  
So beautiful was she,  
It was not safe that Pharaoh's eyes  
Her love should see.

So, when they had to Egypt come,  
The "man of tax" drew near  
And said, with pompous dignity,  
"You pay the customs here."

"You pay for clothing! Being Jew,  
Of course you deal in clothes."  
Said Abraham, "Just as you please,  
I pay the tax on clothes."

"Perhaps you deal in merchandise  
And bring the finest silks?"  
Said Abraham, "Just as you will,  
I pay the tax on silks."

"By Pharaoh," cried the custom man,  
"Perhaps you carry gold?"  
"Just as you like," said Abraham,  
"I pay the tax on gold."

"Great! Great! then it must be gems,  
The richest, rarest pearls!"  
"So be it," still said Abraham,  
"I pay the tax on pearls."

That beauty is the pearl of price  
We gather from these facts,  
And he who wins and wears it must  
Expect to pay the tax.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

Army literature—Magazines and reviews.  
There are many who can't read, who know A  
Do not see.

Early to bed and early to rise will all be in  
valuable if you don't advertise.

A common snob—A lawyer, P. S.—He is  
likely to be a drain to his client.

Brigham Young is dangerously ill, and his  
wife feels very bad about it.

Peter II., of Brazil, is said to be the richest  
monarch in the world, and there are many who would  
like to be Peter II.

No man can read about all these burglaries  
without a determination to have his wife sleep on  
the front side of the bed.

A Milwaukee paper says: "What is wanted  
in Kansas is more telegraph poles, or stronger ones. The  
average pole holds only about four horse thieves com-  
fortably."

In Japan the law requires that, when a person  
cuts down a tree, he shall plant one in its place. In this  
way the supply of wood is kept up. George Washington  
overs his country a tree.

Harry, after looking on while his new little  
sister cried at being washed and dressed the other day,  
turned away, saying, "If she screamed like that in bed,  
I don't wonder they sent her on."

One of the meanest little things on earth is to  
throw a small watermelon and hit a political speaker in  
the pit of the stomach just as he is explaining the Dred  
Scott decision.

Said a Detroit lady to a small boy whom she  
found crying in the street, the other day: "Will you  
stop crying if I give you a penny?" "No," said he;  
"but if you'll make it two cents I'll stop if it kills me."

Tender-hearted persons who have read of the  
savage raids of Texas slavers through the streets of St.  
Louis will be pleased to learn from the market reports  
that "there is a better feeling in Texas cattle."

Henry Bure and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wood,  
who recently gained notoriety by running off together  
from Portsmouth, Virginia, having got clear of the  
courts, have eloped a second time. Henry Bure is cool.

Some man in Boston publishes a paper called the  
"Kingdom of Heaven," for seventy-five cents a year.  
Of course it is a bogus affair. The genuine Kingdom of  
Heaven can be had without money and without price.

A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but  
after he had run seven miles and climbed a tree,  
with his pants around his ankles, he concluded the  
sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in  
often than once in a lifetime.

The fact that General Beauregard has been  
made president of a base ball club is bringing him  
prominently into public notice. One exchange says: "He  
will now probably not accept the position offered in the  
Argentine Republic."

The following epitaph appears on a tombstone  
in Thompson, Conn.: "Here lies the body of Jonathan  
Richardson, who never sacrificed his reason at the altar  
of superstition's god, and who never believed that Je-  
hovah swallowed a whale."

If the time ever comes for the explanation of  
the mysteries of this world, we shall be glad to know  
why the young man who remarks on leaving church, "I  
can preach a better sermon than that myself," is content  
to wear out his life over a counter at \$20 a month.

It having been asked, by one curious in the  
cause of things, "Why two-thirds of the hotel clerks  
are bald," a keen observer gives it as his opinion that it  
may be "because the forces of nature have been di-  
verted from the scalp to the cultivation of supernatural  
cheek."

The manager of a country theatre, peeping  
through the curtain between the acts was surprised by  
glances of the empty benches. "Why, good gracious!"  
said he, turning to the prompter, "where is the audi-  
ence?" "He just stepped out to have a mug of beer,"  
was the brief reply.

Several years ago a hopeful young minister  
left these shores for the Cannibal Islands as a mission-  
ary. On arriving at the end of his journey the natives  
weighed him out and a slave of his leg as a sample. He  
came home by the next boat, and is now the travelling  
agent of a circus.

An amiable citizen of Burlington called to see  
another, who was dangerously ill. Attracted by a festive  
pair of boots in the room of the invalid, the visitor tried  
them on, when turning to the sick man with much sym-  
pathy, he remarked: "Supposing the worst to happen  
I'll take these boots."

## SAN JOSE ADVERTISEMENTS.

**AMERICAN BAKERY,**  
ST. JOHN'S STREET,  
SAN JOSE.  
**Mark Bradley**  
PROPRIETOR.

**ALAMEDA CARRIAGE FACTORY.**  
J. F. FAULKNER, Proprietor.

Cor. Santa Clara and St. Mary Streets,  
SAN JOSE.

**P. J. MALONE,**  
Official Short-Hand Reporter

Of the Twentieth Judicial District, and of the  
County Courts of

Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, and  
San Benito.

Office Room 10 Knox Block, San Jose.

**C. WALSH'S**  
LIVERY & STABLE,  
261 First Street,  
(Opposite New York Exchange Hotel),  
SAN JOSE.

**JOHN M. CADY,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
340 Santa Clara St.,  
Corner of Second street, SAN JOSE.

**THOMAS EGAN,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fine  
Groceries, Wines and Liquors,  
207 FIRST STREET,  
SAN JOSE.

**CAMERON HOUSE,**  
Franklin St., Santa Clara.

**MARTIN CORCORAN, PROPRIETOR.**  
THIS HOTEL WAS SPLENDIDLY FURNISHED Suite  
of Rooms for Families, and possesses all the modern  
improvements usually found in the best Hotels. It is  
not excelled—if equalled—by any house outside of San  
Francisco.

A Coach will be at the Depot on the arrival of each  
train, to convey passengers and their baggage to the  
Hotel.

**J. PAINE & BRO.,**  
Livery, Feed, and Sale Stables,  
MONTREY ST., BET. FIFTH AND SIXTH,  
GILROY.

**OFFICE OF THE U. S. STAGE LINE**  
between the City and the Coast, and  
between the Coast and the Coast.

**BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS,**  
**WEED & KINGWELL,**  
No. 125 First St.,  
Opposite Minna, San  
Francisco.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Brass,  
Copper, and Iron Work, and  
all kinds of Machinery, and  
all kinds of Steam Fitting.

**California Brass Works,**  
**WEED & KINGWELL,**  
No. 125 First St.,  
Opposite Minna, San  
Francisco.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Brass,  
Copper, and Iron Work, and  
all kinds of Machinery, and  
all kinds of Steam Fitting.

**Agents for Solbert's Eureka Lubricator.**  
Highest market price paid for old Brass, Copper and  
Iron.

**Dixon Brothers,**  
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters,  
No. 406 Montgomery street, (Opposite Wells, Fargo  
& Co's, San Francisco.

**JOHN WARD,**  
Roofing & Asphaltum Worker,  
WARRANTED FROM 6 TO 7 YEARS.

All orders left at S. W. Cor. Third and Stevenson Sts.,  
executed with the utmost dispatch, to insure a perfect  
result.

**Premium Cutlery.**  
First Premium and Medal of Mechanics Institute, 1871.  
First Premium and Medal of Mechanics Institute, 1869.  
First Premium and Medal of Mechanics Institute, 1868.  
First Premium of Mechanics Institute in 1866.  
First Premium of Mechanics Institute in 1864.  
First Premium of Mechanics Institute in 1860.

**M. PRICE,**  
FOR HOME-MADE CUTLERY.

STORE: 415 KEARNY ST., bet. Pine and  
California.

FACTORY: 10 STEVENSON ST.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Knives, Razors, Shears, etc., made to order and  
warranted. Particular attention paid to jobbing. Dam-  
aged Cutlery polished equal to new. Country Orders  
promptly attended to.

**WM. O. MURTHA'S**  
PATENT VENTILATOR,  
OR  
CHIMNEY TOP.

This patented Ventilator  
is a perfect Ventilator,  
and has been extensively in-  
troduced into this State, and  
it ranks among the first inven-  
tions of the age. The form  
or size may be made to suit  
the given measure of any Fire  
place or Chimney. They are  
cheap, durable, and may be  
used as an ornament to any  
building.

The principle upon which  
this Ventilator is founded is to  
create an artificial draft, six  
or more feet above the fire  
place, and thus draw the smoke  
and gas out of the chimney, and  
prevent it from coming back into  
the room. The result is a pure  
and healthy atmosphere, and a  
great saving of fuel. The Ventilator  
is made of sheet metal, and is  
guaranteed to be a perfect  
ventilator. By sending the measure-  
ment of the Chimney, parties  
can have them sent to any part of the State, or  
foreign.

16 TYLER STREET, San Francisco.

## Dry Goods.

**E. SUPPLE,**  
838 Market St.,  
HAS NOW A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORT-  
ment of Fall and Winter

**DRESS GOODS**

Which we offer to the public at very

**Low Prices,**

Consisting, in part, of Black and Fancy

**SILKS,**

**IRISH POPLINS, SHAWLS,**

And a full supply of

**Fancy Goods,**

which we offer at our special price.

**Black Goods.**

Table Linens

**HOUSEKEEPING**

**COODS,**

To Hotels and Boarding-Houses at Wholesale Prices.

**RIBBONS**

Orders from the country promptly attended to at low-  
est rates.

**E. SUPPLE,**

838 Market street, Nearly opposite Fourth.

**WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.**

**Jackson Michigan Wagon.**

The largest assortment on the coast  
now in store and for sale very low—all  
wagons warranted for two years.

**J. D. ARTHUR & SON,**  
Corner of California and Davis Streets, San Francisco.

**J. DUNNE,**  
Horse Shoer and Wagon  
MANUFACTURER.

817 Market St., bet. Fourth and Fifth,  
San Francisco.

Agricultural Wagon, Carts, Drays, etc., of all kinds  
substantially made and neatly repaired. Horse  
shoeing promptly attended to.

**DONOHUE & CO.,**  
Horse Shoers,  
NO. 8 EVERETT STREET,  
Near Third Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

Horse Shoeing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.  
A full assortment of harness and carriage  
trimmings on hand.

**FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGES**  
For Hire.

Richard Dowling, Proprietor.  
Stable, corner Market and Ellis streets, between Second and  
Montgomery, San Francisco.

**ENNIS & MCNEIL,**  
CARRIAGE MAKERS,  
All Kinds of Wagons for Sale,  
And Made to Order at the Lowest Price.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO, AND SAT-  
isfaction guaranteed. 2700 mont street  
County orders solicited. 2700 mont street  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**WM. O. MURTHA'S**  
PATENT VENTILATOR,  
OR  
CHIMNEY TOP.

This patented Ventilator  
is a perfect Ventilator,  
and has been extensively in-  
troduced into this State, and  
it ranks among the first inven-  
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The principle upon which  
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can have them sent to any part of the State, or  
foreign.

16 TYLER STREET, San Francisco.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

**New Style of Ladies' Button  
Boots.**

**NOLAN BROS.**

11 THIRD STREET.

Will sell for the next Thirty Days:

32 Kid Fox Boots, Ladies', for.....\$1.25  
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## GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

**JOHN C. MORRISON, JR.,**  
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

**Fine Wines**

**LIQUORS,**

316 Sacramento street,

321 Commercial street,  
BETWEEN FRONT AND BATTERY STS.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**DALY & WARD,**  
IMPORTERS OF

**Foreign and Domestic  
Wines and Liquors,**  
311 SACRAMENTO STREET,  
(Bet. Front and Battery.)  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**MICHAEL RYAN,**  
DEALER IN

**Wines, Liquors, Etc.,**  
IRISH-AMERICAN HALL,  
816 HOWARD STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**J. W. McDONALD,**  
DEALER IN

**Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars,**  
1151 Market street,  
And N. W. Cor. Sansome and Merchant streets,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**P. J. McMahon,**  
Formerly of the Russ House, has removed to the  
**NEVADA SALOON,**

288 Montgomery Street,  
East side, between Pine and Bush,  
Where he will be glad to see his numerous friends and  
he public generally.

**Wine Rooms,**  
OF THE

**MERCHANTS EXCHANGE,**  
CALIFORNIA STREET,  
JAMES IRWIN.

**LAFAYETTE BREWERY,**  
725 Green Street.

**THOMAS GOGAN AND A. ANSTETT,**  
PROPRIETORS.

"Faith and Fidelity—Help Where Help  
Is Needed."

This is the cry of Ireland's trusted friend, Sister  
MARY FRANCIS CLARE (the Nun of Kenmare).

**GRAND LOTTERY**

**DRAWING OF PRIZES**  
FOR THE POOR OF KENMARE,  
COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND.

**TO BUILD A HOME**  
FOR THE POOR OF KENMARE.

This will be under the management of  
THE NUN OF KENMARE.

ON THE 2d DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1875.  
Under the auspices of some of the leading Catholics of  
this City.

First Prize—A magnificent Bazaar set in Jewels  
and pearls, with tapestry centre representing St. Patrick  
blessing the Irish Nation. Size 9 by 7 feet. Made speci-  
ally by the Nuns of Kenmare. The value of this prize has  
been declared by a competent judge to be \$5,000.  
This Bazaar will be offered to the Society to vote for it.

Second Prize—A magnificent American Lace Bridal  
Dress, Veil and Opera Cloak, with a pair of Irish dia-  
monds, necklets and bracelets, etc. Value, \$1,500.  
Third Prize—A beautiful Irish Point Dress, designed  
expressly for the purpose—a white ground with gold  
shamrocks—with a splendid set of Gold ornaments,  
after ancient Irish models. Value, \$1,000.  
Fourth Prize—A Set of Irish Point Lace Handkerchiefs,  
to be embroidered with the name of the winner. Value,  
\$200.

Fifth Prize—A beautiful Baby's Robe, Hood and Cape,  
in Irish Gaiters Lace. The pattern has been designed  
expressly for this Lottery, with the baby and shamrocks.  
Value, \$250.

Sixth Prize—A magnificent Black Limerick Lace  
Tunic, with body trimmings and lace shawl to match.  
Value, \$300.

Seventh Prize—A White Lace Shawl of Irish Point, of  
exquisite work. Value, \$200.

Eighth Prize—A complete set of Views of celebrated  
Irish scenery, in a magnificent Album of Killarney  
orbis wood. Value, \$100.

Ninth Prize—A Model of an Ancient Irish Harp, in Kil-  
larny bog oak, studded with Irish diamonds. Value,  
\$150.

Also, 740 other prizes, including several Gold Watches,  
pieces of Silk Oil Paintings, Writing Cases, etc



## Curious Ancient Irish Manuscripts.

The British Government has for ten years been engaged in reproducing the most important national writings by photoduplication; the great Domesday book being the first so treated. Three volumes of English and three of Scotch are now to be followed by three of Irish. The first of these is the "Domnach Airgid, or Silver Shrine," a volume of the gospel of the fifth century, perhaps the oldest in the world. This is believed to have been the book of devotion of St. Patrick himself, and to have been given to him by Mac Carthain when he made him Bishop of Clogher. It derives its name from the silver shrine plated with gold and enriched with engraving, in which it was enclosed in the fourteenth century, and which encloses two other covers; the oldest, which lies the book, being of wood, and the second of copper, plated with silver. One wonders how any portion of this sacred book can be reproduced, when he reads that the leaves are all stuck together, and the whole about the consistency and appearance of a piece of brick. The Cathach, or book of Battles, supposed to have been copied by St. Columba (died A.D. 597) is the next in the list. It consists of 58 leaves of vellum, which the fly-leaf asserts to have been written by the same saint, and which one antiquarian thinks "either as old as St. Columba's day, or nearly so"—a queer commentary on the allegation on the fly-leaf. The famous book of Kells, the next MS. in order is likewise traditionally ascribed to Columba, and is undoubtedly of the same age. This book, like the book of Durrow, was stolen from its sanctuary in 1007-8, but shortly afterwards found. It is one of the most elaborately illustrated manuscripts in existence. The initial to the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, "Liber generationis," covers a page with extravagant and grotesque interlacing. There are serpents with human heads; men spotted like leopards in earnest conversation; rats sitting on the backs of cats that are holding other rats by the tails, the rats meanwhile eating cake; strange creatures, winged, beastly or human; geographical designs and arabesques, all mingled like the images of a dream. The whole book is ornamented after this same liberal fashion.

## A Tremendous Reader.

Probably the author of this time has read more than Carlyle. He actually devours and has devoured books ever since he was ten years old. He will go through an ordinary volume in two hours, and although he may not con each page, he will find in it all that is worthy. His memory is prodigious; not only for general facts but for details. He could repeat poetry by the ell; he never does, however, for he is always averting that he hates poetry—that the greatest hardships have crippled his thoughts and limited their range by rhythm and rhyme. He thinks Homer, Dante and Shakespeare would have been greater had they expressed themselves in prose. Nevertheless, he is a poet, not without, but indifferent to form. He has the reputation of being better acquainted with all subjects, historic, philosophical, literary and scientific, than any living Briton. For years and years he is reputed to have read on an average five volumes a day, and to have skimmed eight or ten more. Reading has ever been a passion with him, and he has said that his idea of heaven would be to be taken into an inexhaustible library of rare and good books, where he could browse for all eternity. He estimated, I have heard, that he has gleaned the contents of fully one hundred thousand volumes, which, when we consider his voracity, rapidly, trained eyes and mind, is not at all likely. There is hardly a curious and remarkable book in the British Museum that he is not more or less familiar with. A gentleman's ordinary library he could eat up—all that is worth eating, that is, in a single fortnight.

It is asserted that a rich merchant who had collected five or six thousand rare works, once brought the author to dine with him, in order to look at his library. The bibliophile, alarmed by literary hunger, went three hours before the time announced. When the merchant got home and asked his guest to look at his books, his guest replied: "Why, mon, I've finished 'em."

## A Darkened Life.

In Nashua, N. H., says the Boston Transcript, resides a young girl whose pitiful lot excites the deepest sympathy, yet for whom sympathy can do but little in alleviation of the sad misfortune which has darkened her life. When a child she was terribly scalded about the head and face, and although she survived her injuries, she was thenceforth disfigured for life, and the "rosy face of childhood" was changed to a mask—a travesty on the human countenance—absolutely frightful in its hideousness. In Lowell, Mass., where she once lived, so great was the horror excited by her appearance, that she was forbidden by the authorities to show herself on the streets. At Nashua she ventured out the other day, and several ladies fainted at sight of her, and a call is now made upon the authorities at that place to forbid her appearance on the streets. What a mournful fate is hers! To live through the terrible physical suffering only to endure henceforward the keen mental anguish in the knowledge that she is a thing of horror, to be abhorred and shunned by human kind, with no hope in the future except in the grave, which shall hide her deformities from the gaze of her fellow-beings!

## French Enterprise.

Just now French imagination has been dazzled by a project of a most ambitious character, quite outdoing the Suez Canal in magnitude, and is said to have received the approval of M. de Lesseps. This is nothing less than to change the climatic conditions of the interior districts of Algeria, and of the neighboring Turkish vicinities, by constructing a great inland sea, "the Baltic of the Mediterranean," one hundred and sixty leagues long, by twenty leagues broad. In old time the Mediterranean made its way into the lowlands south of the Atlas range. This entrance of the sea was intercepted by the accumulation of vast barriers of sand along the coast line, and the influx being checked, the intense heat in the interior dried up the inland basin, leaving only hollows filled with salt lime. These hollows, called by the Arabs "Chotts," are all in communication with each other, or nearly so, and farthest to the east the Chott El Djerid almost touches the sea, coming within 15 kilometers of the waters of the Gulf of Gabes. The present undertaking is to reopen the passage from the sea into these hollows, and is declared by competent engineers to be entirely practicable. If accomplished it would totally change the face of the country and the temper of the climate. The expense is estimated at \$500,000.

## GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

## J. Henry Tobbenboske,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Groceries, Wines and Liquors,

S. W. Cor. Howard and Second Sts.,  
San Francisco.

Goods Delivered to any part of the City Free.

LA GRANDE EXCHANGE,

410 MARKET STREET,  
And No. 11 Post Street, (Opposite Masonic Temple),  
SAN FRANCISCO.

The reputation of the La Grande for the excellence of its Wines, Liquors and Cigars is always maintained.

THOMAS CALLAN,

DEALER IN

## WINES AND LIQUORS,

S. E. Cor. Montgomery and Merchant Streets,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

M. WARDE & CO.,

(Successors to WARDE, GILLERAN & Co.)

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

## Brandies, Wines and Liquors,

303 BATTERY STREET,  
NEAR CORNER SACRAMENTO,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

PURE KENTUCKY WHISKIES A SPECIALTY.

"Fredericksburg"

## E'NTRACHT SALOON,

545 California Street.

SCHRAMM & SCHNABEL, Proprietors.

JOHN J. REARDON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Groceries, Wines &amp; Liquors,

CORNER THIRD AND EVERETT STS.,  
Between Mission and Howard,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF PUREST WINES AND

Liquors for Family and Medical use always on

hand. Goods delivered Free of Charge.

JOHN A. LENNON,

Wholesale Dealer in

## GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

318 CLAY ST., BET. FRONT & BATTERY,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN KENNY,

Importers and Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and

Domestic

## WINES AND LIQUORS.

No. 515 Front Street, bet. Washington and

Jackson, San Francisco.

California Wines Bottled by Wm. Men Only.

LYMAN, RAFFERTY & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND

## Wholesale Liquor Dealers,

416 BATTERY STREET, COR. MERCHANT,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

M. J. RYAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Wines and Liquors,

468 SEVENTH STREET,  
Between Broadway and Washington Street,  
OAKLAND.

P. J. TANNIAN,

Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of

## WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Also—Superior Brands Old Bourbon Whiskey, Old

Martel and Sazerac Brandy, Pure Old Scotch and

Irish Whiskies. Also, Pure Holland Gin and Jamaica

Rum. Also, Scotch and Irish Whiskies.

J. H. DOUGHERTY,

Dealer in

## WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

No. 515 California Street  
Above Montgomery, next to the California Market.

T. F. BAINES,

"Celtic Club House,"

1022 MARKET STREET,  
Between Fifth and Sixth, SAN FRANCISCO.

Always on hand an excellent Stock of Superior

Porter, Ale, Cider, Syrup, Essence,

and HAVANA CIGARS, etc.

W. J. LEONARD, bottles and delivers to order, F. P. K.

SAN FRANCISCO BOTTLING CO.,

S. E. Cor. MARINA AND FIFTH STS.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

## PORTER, ALE, CIDER, SYRUP, ESSEN-

CE, AND MINERAL WATERS.

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S. E. Cor. MARINA AND FIFTH STS.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

PORTER, ALE, CIDER, SYRUP, ESSEN-

## Business Directory.

We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the Nationalist, each customer may rest assured of courteous treatment and good value.

ALABAMA, California, Bush street, above Kearny.

AUTOMOBILES, California, Bush street, above Kearny.

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## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it is a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our own manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and beliefs; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence of Ireland to stand by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"  
JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 26th, 1853.

## COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....Nortonville, Contra Costa Co.  
PETER KERN.....Salinas City, Monterey Co.  
ARTHUR ATTRIDGE.....Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co.  
THOS. QUINN.....Pino, Placer Co.  
MICHAEL LEONARD.....Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co.  
THOS. OAKES.....San Jose, Santa Clara Co.  
JOHN P. SANSFIELD.....Sacramento, Sacramento Co.  
JAS. GADDEN.....Julian City, San Diego Co.  
BERNARD MCCREESH.....Orangetown, Del Norte Co.  
DANIEL HARLEY.....Vallejo, Solano Co.  
BARTHOLOMEW COLGAN.....Virginia City, Nev.  
WILLIAM REDMOND.....Gold Hill, Nev.  
THOMAS WOGAN.....Silver City, Nev.  
JOHN L. REIDY.....Merced City, Merced Co.  
DANIEL F. HAYES.....Denver, Colorado.  
F. M. CARROLL.....San Diego.  
J. A. MULDOONEY.....Stockton.  
JAMES MCGOVERN.....Gilroy.

We have this week sent bills to those of our country subscribers who are still in arrears on our books. We trust that these amounts, individually small but aggregating a considerable sum, will be at once discharged. We are doing our best to make the *Irish Nationalist* a worthy exponent of national feeling in this country, and we are prepared, on receipt of the various bills due us (aggregating upwards of \$3,000), to improve it in every respect. We take this opportunity of thanking our many prompt subscribers for their liberality and good wishes, and expressing, we hope for the last time, on those who are delinquent, the utter impossibility of publishing a paper on credit. We look for an immediate settlement of the bills we have sent out.

We would call the attention of our delinquent subscribers, to the fact that they are in our debt, and that we cannot afford to let them continue so. We use our best endeavors to give every one who takes the *Nationalist* value for their money, and at the same time to advocate the cause which we hold to be paramount—the independence of Ireland. It is on these grounds that we call, in the name of ordinary honesty, for a settlement of these long-outstanding debts. We have, this week, sent bills to all our subscribers who are delinquent, which show the amount of their indebtedness. We hope our appeal will meet with a prompt response. We strive to do our duty—we hope our friends will do the same.

## Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make the *Irish Nationalist* a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an independent Republic on Irish soil.

## Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the *Irish Nationalist* addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States is 30c. per annum, or 5c. per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

The subscription price of the *Irish Nationalist* to city subscribers, is 40 cents per month.

Mr. DENNIS GRIFFIN will act as our agent in Fort Jones, Siskiyou county.

Mr. J. A. Muldooney is our authorized agent in Stockton and San Joaquin County. He will receive subscriptions and advertisements for the *Irish Nationalist*, and receipt for the same.

Mr. James McGovern is agent for the *Irish Nationalist* in Gilroy and vicinity. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and receipt for the same.

SOME of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding us once to this office the trifling amount of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of this fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

Mr P. McConough has kindly consented to act as agent in Napa city and County. He is authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions.

This office of the *Irish Nationalist* has been removed to 423 Washington street, near Sansome, Rooms 3 and 4.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of tickets from the Irish National Benevolent Society for a ball to be held on Monday, November 24, at Union Hall. This Society, though organized comparatively recently, has already a large membership, and their entertainment is certain to be well attended and in every way agreeable to the guests.

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the advertisement of Messrs Gleason & Fell which appears in another column; they have succeeded in establishing themselves thoroughly in the estimation of the public by selling the best article at the lowest price. All who favor them with a visit are certain of being treated well.

## A PREJUDICED PRESS.

This community has been of late much exercised about an alleged dereliction of duty, as well as still graver crimes, on the part of one of our city officials. Though we have watched this case throughout with something more than interest, we have hitherto forbore to express our views on the subject, as the public mind was much excited over the accusations, and scarcely disposed to take a calm view of any argument that could be adduced. Now, however, it seems to us that matters have progressed to a stage when any further delay on our part would be culpable. From what have the accusations at present pending over Coroner Rice and others arisen? By what means have the accusers been hounded on? By a prejudging press, which takes this means of aiming a blow at a race which, while it owes it everything, with a viperous ingratitude, it both fears and hates. It is not at Coroner Rice as an individual that the coward press is snarling. It is at the (to them) intolerable fact—of which he is an embodiment—of an Irishman in office. Let us look at the hounding crew in detail. We have the *Call*, a journal conducted on such a scrupulously non-committal principle that we cannot recollect that it ever hazarded an opinion on any other subject, coming out strong, and with unwonted decision, clamoring for the disgrace of the coroner and his assistant. From the *Chronicle* we could not expect much better, though its habitual opposition to the *Call* makes their unanimity in this case the more significant; we have the *Bulletin*, whose inspiration is, of course, either furnished to or drawn from the *Call*, it matters little which; and we have the *Post*, controlled by Englishmen, and having all the rampant bigotry of an English journal to urge it to attack the Irish on every favorable opportunity. This is the Press which the Irish are doing much to support. These are the vipers we are nourishing, till they have strength and courage to attack us. When will Irishmen discover that with every subscription they hand to such sheets they are plucking a rod to scourge themselves.

The present objective point of attack is mainly Coroner Rice. This gentleman is a physician of high standing and eminence, and we believe utterly incapable of the crimes that have been alleged against him. His real offence lies in the eyes of the Press to which we have referred lies in his Irish extraction; and, in punishment of this, they have persistently and systematically prejudged and misjudged his case, in a manner that would scarcely be tolerated even in England. So with John F. Meagher, a gentleman who has occupied an honorable position on the Board of Education for four years. So with the undertakers, Messrs. Flannagan & Gallagher. The assaults on these gentlemen have been induced by the malignity of a rival house—that of Peter Craig & Son—whose malevolence has happily so far overreached itself as to have become disgustingly patent to every disinterested observer. A case of perjury has been clearly brought home to them in this connection in the case of Dr. Cunningham. They asserted, on oath, that Messrs. Flannagan & Gallagher had interred that gentleman in an ordinary redwood coffin, charging, however, for a much more elaborate and expensive casket, swearing that they had opened the grave and discovered such to be the case. Messrs. Flannagan & Gallagher have triumphantly refuted this calumny, and have placed their opponents in the unenviable position of convicted perjurers. It is easy to see that all this ill feeling emanates from an anti-Irish and Crescent source, and that Messrs. Flannagan & Gallagher, who are well known as honorable gentlemen in all their business and private relations, are persecuted for the sole crime of being Irish and Catholic.

We could multiply instances of this nature, but enough has been said to show the necessity for Irishmen organizing in their own defence and in support of their own interests. We would also advise our countrymen to support the Press that supports them, and not that which loses no opportunity of attacking them. We must have our rights in this city, as well as elsewhere, and deeply as we deprecate the necessity of arraying ourselves in an attitude seemingly hostile to any section of our citizens, our duty to ourselves is imperative. It does not need any very violent struggle. Merely a calm and dispassionate assertion of our rights, an appeal in the name of toleration, and if that fails, an appeal to organization, which cannot fail to eradicate this growing spirit of intolerance in our midst. Bigotry is a plant of English growth, and should be quite exotic to this free soil.

## "PROSTITUTION OF THE IRISH VOTE."

Under the above caption the New York *Irish Democrat*, a truly patriotic and ably conducted journal, exhaustively considers the purposes and means to which and by which our countrymen's influence at election times has been hitherto perverted, and at the same time takes occasion to consider the best means by which this nefarious traffic in votes may be done away with. In support of its views it quotes from the *Irish Nationalist*, as well as some other Irish-American journals, and we are pleased to see that this important question, which we were the first to raise here, has not been lost sight of, or suffered to drop by our Eastern contemporaries. The subject, indeed, is one whose importance can scarcely be over-estimated. It amounts, in fact, to this—whether we are to be allowed to live in this country respected and self-respecting, or whether we are to be treated in all regards as our English enemies would have us treated—as "mere Irish." The issue rests in our own hands. It is in our power, by a proper combination, (we have been so repeat-

edly misunderstood and misrepresented on this subject that we hesitate to say organization) to dictate our own terms at elections, and to acquire the respect of our fellow citizens. Without this combination and determination on our parts, our votes will continue to be cast on an irrelevant party ticket, without in any wise benefiting ourselves or removing the unjust stigma under which it is useless to deny our race rests. This stigma is of genuine British outgrowth, and has been fostered and encouraged by the anti-Irish party for obvious reasons. It rests with ourselves to remove it, and there is no need for delay. We can come to the front with as bold a determination at the next election as we can a hundred years hence. At present the Irish race are insufficiently represented; indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say are totally unrepresented. On this subject the *Irish World*, one of the first of American papers from its circulation and influence, says—

"We are supposed to live under a representative government; but the government, to be truly representative, must be composed of men selected from all sections of the country, and from all the elements of the population. We of the Irish race have as good right to representation as any other element. All other elements, of all other creeds, have just as good a right as we—no more, no less. This is the platform all true Democrats and all true Republicans must stand on. Were an Irish political organization to start into existence to-morrow, having for its object a monopoly of the representative offices for Catholics and Irish-Americans, to the quiet exclusion of Protestants and non-Irish-Americans, we should oppose it as heartily as we denounced Know-Nothingism in the past. We would be bound in principle to do so. For, after all, would not such an organization be known to the world under another name and form? Now we arraign the two parties in the field of American politics as Know-Nothings. Our heaviest charge, however, is against the so-called Democracy. But before impeaching them, let us first ask one question of our people. Why is it we are ignored in politics? Prejudice of race and religion, indeed, have something to do with it; but the prime cause must be charged to our own subservience. The Democratic managers see this, and when they come together to make out their slate they say: 'Gentlemen, let us divide the spoils between ourselves and the Germans. We must get the German vote at all hazards. The great vote, however, we must pay for it. But the Irish, however we need not consult. The Irish we are sure of under all circumstances.' This is what the Democratic managers say. And we Irish, it must be confessed, have earned this contempt. We are treated as slaves simply because we have uncomplainingly taken the position of a conquered people. We have been ignored and snubbed again and again, and again and again we have gone to the polls like droves of sheep, and sent up hurras for our masters! This is the truth, and the confession of this truth is our shame."

Now, the point we want to make is this: Our people, they would be a power in the government of this country, must first emancipate themselves from the slavery of all political factions. The Democratic party and the Republican party, as such, are nothing to us. Indeed, in all things, save in names, these two parties may be considered identical. We know not where to draw the line of distinction. The motives of these parties, must first be emancipated from the slavery of all political factions. The Democratic party and the Republican party, as such, are nothing to us. Indeed, in all things, save in names, these two parties may be considered identical. We know not where to draw the line of distinction. The motives of these parties, must first be emancipated from the slavery of all political factions. The Democratic party and the Republican party, as such, are nothing to us. Indeed, in all things, save in names, these two parties may be considered identical. 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# Thomas D'Arcy McGee—His Opinions and Works.

By P. J. Malone.

THE principal purpose of these papers is to call the attention of Irish Nationalists to McGee's works, not to eulogize the man beyond his deserts. To call attention to his works, because they contain facts of history which every Irishman should know, and because I know of no other source whence so many of these facts can be drawn. It is a pity that some enterprising publisher does not set about the enterprise of getting up his works in a readable shape. At one time I thought the Sadliers would do so, but for some reason or other the enterprise was abandoned. The wretched manner in which his works have been given to the public by the "catch-penny Catholic" publishing houses is a disgrace to the typographic art. I mean the American editions. If some National house, like James Duffy's, of Dublin, would take his history of Ireland and get it out in good long primer or bourgeois type, with annotations, marginal references, chronology and a concordance referring to contemporary European history—such, for instance, as is done with "Russell's Modern Europe," Guizot's "Civilization," or Motley's "Dutch Republic," they would do a great service to the public, and, in my opinion, the enterprise would pay. Nothing so thoroughly argues the decay of national spirit as neglect of national literature. The "Irish Writers" and "O'Connell and his Times" might form one volume, Art McMurrough and his "Life of Dr. Magin" another. Those who try to exalt Churchism above Nationalism can well afford to republish and disseminate his "Attempts to Establish the Reformation."

My task in the present paper will be more agreeable than in the former, for it is to me an extremely ungracious duty to tell truth to unwilling eyes or ears, yet it is a duty that every person who treats of Irish political affairs ought not to shirk, however unpleasant it may be. Perhaps I have been in a position to observe more of the degrading effects of the villainous system of sophistry that has been practised on the Irish people than most men of my age. My experience in the courts and among the public men of America for more than a quarter of a century have given me rare opportunities for observing the effect upon individual character of certain institutions and systems. Let us take, for instance, a backwoods "Arkansas traveler," and put him on the witness-stand, by the side of a European laborer of the same social standing, and see how differently they will behave! The Arkansas fellow may be as unlettered as the other; he, too, may have his "brogue;" he may pronounce "their," "thar," and "where," "whar," and "bear," "bar," and say, "I hearn tell," and all that sort of Western backwoods jargon, but in his carriage and bearing he shows that he fears no man; that he feels himself the equal of every other that surrounds him; no matter what may be their social standing or official position. Take the other; put him in the same position, and, in nine cases out of ten, the abject slavery in which he has been bred—the dread of the "priest" and the "gentleman" instilled into his heart while he was yet young, crops out all the time. I have often and often felt humiliated in presence of this contrast, and while apparently to outsiders, absorbed in the mechanical routine of taking notes, my mind was busy cursing, in my heart of hearts, the detestable system that thus degrades my poor countrypeople. I blame not the wretched individual who is the victim of a system of education that thus makes him a slave in his soul. I blame only the system that degrades him. And it is a folly to say that the system of education that pervades European society is not, in a great measure, responsible for this result. In most European countries it plays into the hands of the governing classes, and the governing power plays into its hands. The white that pervades some of the church organs when a ruler like Kaiser William, McMahon, Serrano or Francis Joseph is compelled to bend to the popular wishes rather than to be subservient to the ecclesiastical corporations, is pitiable, if it was not despicable. The ruler is reminded of the great power and influence over the people of the clerical body—how useful that body could be to the aforesaid ruler in swaying the people into submission, in "preserving order," to use the snivelling cant of these organs; said "order," however, being well understood to mean maintaining absolutism. If the reader has been accustomed to perusing church journals for the last few years, how often has he not met with these pathetic appeals to the "rulers" not to "throw off" on their best friends, or "the only power that can keep the people submissive to Caesar?" And when the rulers, knowing the pulse of the great public, are compelled in deference to the popular wish, to "throw off" on the only power that can keep their subjects obedient, how mad they do get, and what a dust they do endeavor to kick up in the dominions of the said rulers? The great reading and thinking public understand all this, and see through it quite as plainly as the cunning fellows who imagine that they are playing a very low-down under-ground game. If the majority of our poor deluded country-people do not see through it at present, the thinkers of our race do, and the ideas that to-day are the property of only a few, will, in a few years, be thoroughly understood by the many. It is now impossible to drag the world back to the thirteenth century. Not until the printers' art, the mariner's com-

pas, the railroad, telegraph and the Declaration of Independence are blotted out and forgotten can it be done. The reactionaries are simply fighting against fate. They might as well try to turn back the hands of the great clock of Time, to restore the dead to life, or to do any other impossible thing, as to smother the growth of Democracy. As out of Barbarism arose Feudalism, and out of Feudalism arose Constitutionalism, so out of Constitutionalism will grow Republican-democracy in Europe, or European civilization will perish in the birth-throes of the new conception! And poor Ireland, too, however long her regeneration may be deferred, will have her share in the new birth.

But I find myself straying from my purpose. I must finish my "Arkansas Traveler," and my European laborer contrast. What is the cause of the contrast? Mainly, I reply, that the genius of American institutions teaches one that he is an integer in the body politic, and in the religious body, if he is attached to any—that he isn't the slave of institutions, but that institutions are his slaves. That the institutions are made by, and for, the man; not that the man is made for the institutions. Everything that surrounds him in nature, or in institutions, civil or religious, tells him, in the language of Burns, "Preserve the dignity of man."

With soul and feet! And trust the universal plan Will all protect."

The other, on the other hand, is taught from infancy that he is the slave of institutions, not that the institutions are his slaves. That he is to obey authority, not to exercise his individual independence and self-reliance. He is taught that he is simply a cog in a machine whose duty it is to take hold when his turn comes round.

And as the individual is the integer of the nation, and as nations are simply an aggregation of individuals, and the nation partakes of the character of the individual, it is any wonder that the one system of training produces the "Arkansas Traveler" and the American nation, while the other system produces Ireland and the poor helot whom I have often seen on the witness stand almost afraid of his life before the mild "gentleman" of the law who sits on the bench of justice!

McGee must have had in his mind some such idea as I have endeavored to give expression to, when he penned the following appeal to Americans on behalf of the newly arrived Irish immigrant. He says:

"The naturalized citizen will not only have to get rid of his British allegiance, but also to get rid of his British education. The effects of laws are known to remain after the laws have been long abolished. And it is of these enervating, humbling, debasing effects the emigrant work of transition from subjection to citizenship, the natives of free America should be the sponsors and catechists. It is not worthy of this great nation to take its political philosophy at second hand from any nation. England has tried to misrepresent America to Europe, and Europe to America. She tries to be the intelligent, she holds up contrary mirrors to the eyes of the other. She speaks with a double tongue, contrary languages. It will not do to trust her as the interpreter of nations, much less as the limner of her own vanquished provinces."

Whether we wish it or not one half of Ireland is here. We grieve that these laborious and obedient men are not possessed of a land of their own. You [Americans] may regret that they already possess too much of yours. But whether we would alter it or not they are here. Here by the immediate action of British misrule—here by the primal authority of the first charter—Go forth and subvert it. We live in a world of facts and this is one of its greatest. How then shall America deal with this great human force placed at its disposal? Shall we, who do not suffer the smallest stream to escape unused to the ocean, disregard what is of infinitely more value, the right use and direction of this moral Niagara? Physically, our emigrants are well worked; nor do we underrate their value in that view. But are they not also of use as moral agents? Have they not memory, will, and reason? Have they not imagination, and wit, and a desire to please and excel? Are we Democrats of the model Republic, to regard men as machines, and to count them by the head like cattle, rather than by souls like Christians?

O, believe me American reader, ours is a people very teachable by those they love. Deal tenderly with their failings, they are a fallen race. Do not pander to their low prejudices, but appeal to their common sense and love of fair play. Do not make the weak weaker, and the dependent more dependent, but endeavor to fit them for equality as well as liberty, so that the land may rejoice in the multitude of its well-instructed children."

"Such a representation of the case of the immigrant, addressed to individuals and societies in America, could not long be made in vain. British engendered prejudices would fade before it, and while the Irish would become more American in feeling and sympathy on the disappearance of that hostile prejudice, America, in temperament and policy, would become insensibly more Irish."

That appeal was uttered twenty-five years ago. If Americans had but hearkened to it instead of taking counsel of their Anglo-prejudices, and getting up "Know Nothing" and "Crescent" proscriptions, it would have been much better for Ireland, and, perhaps, America to-day.

How beautifully graphic is McGee's description of the landing of an Irish immigrant at New York. He says:

"Imagine yourself upon a hill in Ireland with the mist rolling from the scene. Look down! At your feet bubbles a holy well, which was once a baptismal font. Look up! A round tower points its index finger to the sky; to the left, a Celtic cross, with the circle, emblem of eternity, uniting its arms, stands by the way side; to the right is a churchyard, where an emigrant family kneel in prayer above the dead before they turn their faces to the far West, never, never, to return! From this island, this garden girded by the blue ring-fence of ocean, where the air broods with a holy heaviness, and the land weeps man's perverse inhumanity—from this solemn and profane nursery of men our ancestors have swarmed out upon the world. Ah! young Irish-American

be not too quick to jest or jibe at their antique terms of thought or speech. When America is two thousand years old, she may make comparisons. It is not wise to mock the weaknesses of our patri-archs; the American founders of our race."

Suddenly thrust out of the bottom of an ancient society by political pressure, Irish men and women awake, and find themselves in America. The cry of "land" calls them on deck. Land! what land is this? Its particular colored forest trees, its shining new houses; its steaming harbors; its busy trading people, with pale, care-knit brows, and lips compressed like oyster shells—how strange, how wonderful, is all this to the man who whistled to his wooden plough along an Irish field, or to the girl accustomed to gather her cows behind the harvest, and all the evening air with "Ma Colleen d'has Orultha N'ma bho!" while she filled her pail with milk!

The wonder wears away, and knowledge comes painfully, and in bits, through experience. It is a hard school, this school of immigrant experience in America. It may be likened to a crowded corridor, in which there is no turning back. From the front to the back door, from manhood to death, there is no pause, no return. The vanishing backs of our predecessors before us, the eager faces of our contemporaries around us, are all we see, or can see. Some, in this crowd, may have their pockets picked, or their ribs broken, or their corns trampled upon, but on they must go with ribs broken, or whole; pockets full or empty. The rich and the poor, the weak and the strong, the native and the stranger, are all thrown mercilessly on themselves in the common school of American experience."

But for the inexperienced immigrant large allowance should be made by all the rest. He starts with no stock of native traditions. He was not reared in the neighborhood. His knowledge, such as it is, being suited to a totally different latitude, is rather a burden than a benefit to him. An East Indian suddenly left on the Cape of Labrador would not pass as a visibly from one condition to another than the Irish immigrant who finds himself new-landed in America."

How true to nature this picture, and yet how many do we find who expect as much or more from the immigrant than from anybody else? Ludicrously funny is McGee's description of an American "boy" as contrasted with an Irish "boy."

"In Ireland," he says, "every son was a 'boy' and every daughter a 'girl,' till he or she was married. We have all known 'boys' and 'girls' of five and forty. There was a meaning in this, absurd as it looks; they were considered subject to their parents till they became parents themselves—their allegiance was due to 'the heads' of the old house until they were called to preside over the fortunes of 'houses of their own.'"

"In America, in consequence of the newness of the soil and the demands of enterprise, boys are men at sixteen. There are, in fact, no children in America. They are all little old men and women, cut down or abridged. They seem like some pithy generation of the past, come back to criticize the present. They all work for themselves and pay their board. They either live with the 'boss,' 'governor,' or 'old man,' or elsewhere, as they please. They may have respect—they must have some natural deference—for parents; but the abstract Irish reverence for old age is not yet naturalized in America."

Over half-a-dozen of these keen, hard, worldly young Yankees, an Irish father and mother are to preside. They are born, they are doctored, they go to school, they are called "Paddies," perhaps, by Darins, and Cyrus, and Habakkuk, of the "Plymouth Rock" dynasty. They come home, and they want explanations, and they want explanations; and here is precisely where the second generation breaks off from the first. If the first can explain itself to satisfy the second, the second will naturally stick to its pedigree; but, if not, the family tie is snapped, and our children become our opponents, and, sometimes, our worst enemies. . . . For your children, beg, borrow or steal explain. For example, your boy is called "a Paddy" by this young Puritan Darins. He comes home, and wants to know what "a Paddy" is. Tell him. Tell him all you know. Tell him of that great saint whose festival is our national holiday; of how, from a shepherd and a slave, he became the founder of a kingdom of souls; how monomine, cathedrals and cities have rejoiced in his name; how, not to mention earlier celebrities, Patrick Barfield and Patrick Henry, the Irish soldier and the Virginia orator, were proud to bear it. Send him into the world well armed with facts, strong in his convictions, proud of his principles, above every cowardly compromise, and from that sacred struggle bid him return, as the Spartan mother bade her son return—"Come back victorious, or come back no more!"

McGee's portrait of General Jackson is as fine a piece of word-painting as Homer's description of the old priest's retiring from the tent of the Grecian general, on being refused the release of his daughter:

"The character of Jackson will be an historical study for a thousand years. His is one of those angular outlines which almost defy time to make them common-places. Like Sixtus Quintus, Columbus, and Cromwell, much reflection upon him does not beget the sense of dimness but of substantiality. We have blood and bone in every incident of his life, and every word he has uttered. Truly has it been said, 'he was one of the sincerest of men.' Philosophers might be puzzled at the rigid sequence of his life and language, did they not know that there are some natures which, founded on certain radical principles, can only live a life of unity or a life of madness. Jackson could never have been inconsistent unless he had gone insane."

"American national character has, since his day, partaken equally of Jackson and of Franklin. The Quaker thrift, the proverbial calculation remains, but with it is mingled a strange and potent elemental ardor, a desire of territory, a sense of power, and apart and undisturbed, unknown to the Revolutionary generation. The Virginian Presidents had the manners of courts and the discipline of English Benevolence. 'The man of the West,' tough as the hickory trees through which he so often marched, was as natural in his style, habits and wants, as any hunter of the prairies. When the white house was threatened with a flood, he dismissed the naval and military officers, who volunteered their guard, loaded his own and his nephew's rifle, and so prepared, the President of the United States awaited his foes in the Executive Mansion. He would not use a sheet of the public paper; he allowed no lackey to attend on his person. In small things he was singular among great men; but all his singularities, when compiled, will be found to constitute a grand, original, and compact soldier-statesman."

THE END.

## Dry Goods.

## Dry Goods.

THE  
ARCADE,  
924, 926 and 928  
Market Street.

J. J. O'BRIEN.

J. J. O'BRIEN, DESIROUS OF REMOVING a misapprehension which may, perhaps, exist in the minds of some of his customers and a portion of the general public, thinks it right to take the first opportunity of assuring all, without distinction, that his removal to "THE ARCADE" has not been followed by any increase in his prices; but, on the contrary, by a considerable diminution. While he is proud of the fact that his business is now located in a store which commands the admiration of all who visit it, he is fully resolved that its unsurpassed elegance and spaciousness shall not be made the occasion for a tax upon his customers. He now possesses many advantages which he did not previously enjoy, and his patrons will receive corresponding benefits therefrom.

He is now in direct communication with the leading manufacturing houses in the East and in Europe, and thus he is enabled to save the heavy commissions charged by those houses who themselves have to import before they sell to retail dealers.

All his goods are purchased from first hands, and there is no intermediate party between him and the manufacturers.

His stock is undoubtedly the largest and best assorted on the Pacific Coast, and compares as to price, quality and quantity, are fearfully challenged. These and other important advantages, not necessary to mention, enable J. J. O'BRIEN to actually sell cheaper than ever he did before, and unquestionably much cheaper than any other house in the city. These are facts which he is anxious to impress upon the public, because their correctness is susceptible of ready demonstration.

Inspection of the stock is respectfully solicited as affording the only satisfactory test of the genuineness of these statements.

The following are a few of the many lines, which he is fully satisfied stand unrivalled in California for cheapness—

Black Silks,	French Serges,
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Striped Silks,	Scott's Plaids,
Irish Poplins,	Empress Cloths,
French Poplins,	Emery Towels,
Trimmed Satins,	French Merinos,
Velvets, etc.,	French Cashmeres, etc.
Wool Diagonals,	

## MOURNING GOODS

Of every description at unusually low prices.

Blankets,	Sheetings,
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In California to select from.

Hosiery,	White Shirts,
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J. J. O'BRIEN confidently expects to make "THE ARCADE" the most popular Dry Goods Emporium in the State, and to conclusively prove to the public that goods can be sold quite as cheap, if not cheaper, in a store of the style and finish of "THE ARCADE," as in the humblest and most unpretending building in San Francisco.

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"THE ARCADE" is open from 7 a. m. till 9 p. m. Samples sent free on application. Parcels delivered free in Oakland and all parts of Alameda county.

THE  
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## THE GREAT

## DRY GOODS

## HOUSE

—OF THE—

## STATE.

## MARKET ST.,

## BETWEEN 5TH AND 6TH,

San Francisco.

## Gleeson & Fell.



## THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

## THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

[The following is the latest emanation of Mr. H. W. Longfellow's genius.]

(Prelude is a melody, to hang the crane, in the French expression for a house-warming, or the first party given in a new house.)

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests  
That thronged the hall with merriment and jest  
To celebrate the hanging of the crane  
In the new house, where the night is gone;  
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,  
And I alone remain.

Oh, fortunate, oh happy day!  
When a new house was made its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,  
As in the chimney, burning bright,  
We hung the iron crane to-night,  
And merry was the feast and long.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,  
And in my vision see to seem to see,  
Through floating vapors interlaid with light,  
Shapes indistinct that gleam and fade,  
As shadows passing into deeper shade  
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,  
I spread the table round and small;  
Upon the polished floor I laid  
The evening lamp, but more divine  
The light of love shines over all;  
Of love that says not mine and thine,  
But ours, for ours is thine and mine,  
And thine and mine are one and the same,  
And whatsoever may befall,  
The great forgotten world outside  
They want no guests; they needs must be  
Each other's own best company.

The picture fades, as at a village fair  
A woman's vision dissolves into the air,  
To disappear transfused on the screen,  
So in my fancy this, and now once more  
In part transfused through the open door  
Appears the self-same scene.

Seated I see the two again,  
But not alone; they entertain  
A little angel unaware,  
With face as round as the moon,  
A royal guest with flaxen hair,  
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,  
Drums on the table with his spoon,  
Then drops it careless on the floor,  
To grasp at things unseen before.  
Are these celestial manners? These  
The ways that win the artist's praise?  
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,  
And what he does seems best;  
He rules by the right divine  
Of helplessness, so lately born  
In purple chambers of the morn,  
As sovereign over the world and thine,  
He speaks not, and yet there lies  
A conversation in his eyes.

The golden light of the day  
The gravest wisdom of the wise,  
Not spoken in language but in looks  
More legible than printed books,  
As if he could but would not speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,  
The power is past to proof; for lo!  
Realities, fathoms and slow,  
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,  
And pushes back the chair and then,  
And so good-night to King Canute.

As one who walks in the forest deep,  
A foreboding shadow through the trees,  
That does its idle work of interference,  
Ours is the moon, sometimes revealed  
Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed.  
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at the table now;  
The king, deposed, and the crown,  
No longer occupies the throne—  
The crown is on his sister's brow;  
A princess from the Fairy Tale,  
The very pattern girl of girls,  
All covered and embowered in curls,  
Rose tinted from the lips of roses,  
And sailing with soft silken sails  
From far off Dreamland into ours.  
Above their heads the stars of blue  
Four-pointed stars of blue  
Are shining brightly in the night;  
Lilies are scattered on the floor;  
Above the ocean's rounded verge,  
Soft shining through the Summer night,  
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see;  
Beyond the horizon of their bow;  
Nor care they for the world that rolls  
With all its freight of troubled souls  
Into the days that are to be.

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,  
Again the drifting vapors intervene,  
And the moon's pale disk is hidden quite;  
And now I see the wide world grown  
As round a pebble into water thrown  
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wide grown,  
I see it garlanded with guest,  
As if fair Ariadne's crown  
Out of the sky had fallen down;  
Maidens with whose tender breasts  
A thousand restless hopes and fears,  
March reaching to the coming years,  
Flit as a winged, phantom race,  
But do not dare to leave their nests;  
And youths, who in their strength elate  
Challenge the vast world of fate,  
Eager as champions to be  
In the divine knight-errantry  
Of youth, that travels sea and land  
Seeking adventures, or pursue  
Through cities and through solitudes  
Frequented by the lyric muse,  
The phantom with the beckoning hand,  
That still eludes and still eludes  
O sweet illusion of the mind!

A sudden thrill of fire and frost!  
The world is bright while ye remain,  
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

The meadow brook that seems to stand still,  
Quickens its current as it nears the mill;  
And so the stream of Time, that lingers  
In level places, and so dull appears,  
Runs with the swifter current as it nears  
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the great golden world,  
That in the owner's keeping shrinks  
With every wish he speaks or thinks,  
Till the last wish consumes the whole,  
The table dwindles, and again  
I see the two alone remain.

The crown of stars is broken in parts;  
Its jewels, brighter than the day,  
Have one by one been stolen away  
To shine in other homes and hearts.  
One is a wanderer now afar  
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,  
Or sunny regions of the East,  
And one is in the fosterer's camp,  
Mid clink of arms and horse's tramp,  
And battle's roar and cannon's crash.

I see the patient mother rear,  
With aching heart, of wrecks that float  
Disabled on those sea remote,  
Or of some great, heroic deed  
On battle-field, where thousands bleed  
To lift one hero into fame.

And now she bends her graceful head  
Above those chronicles of pain,  
And trembles with a secret dread  
Lest there among the dream or slain  
She find the one beloved name.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain  
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again  
And touching all the darkness woods with light,  
Smiles on the field, until they laugh and sing,  
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring  
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,  
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,  
The wind, the rain, have passed away;

The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,  
The house is full of life and light,  
It is the Golden Wedding day.

The guests come thronging in once more,  
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,  
The trooping children crowd the stair,  
And in and out and everywhere  
Flashes along the corridor  
The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall  
Another arising crown  
Out of the sky had fallen down,  
More than one monarch of the moon  
Is drumming with the silver spoon;  
The light of love shines over all,  
O fortunate, O happy day!

The people sing, the people say,  
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,  
Secretly smiling on the scene,  
Behold well placed on every side  
Their forms and features multiplied,  
As the reflection of a light  
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,  
Or lamps upon a bridge at night  
Stretch on and on before the sight,  
Till the lost vista endless seems.

## Reminiscences of John Collins, the Comedian.

BY AN OLD DUBLINER.

From the Irish Nationalist Magazine.

The American newspapers tell us that:

"John Collins, the well known Irish comedian and vocalist, died at Philadelphia Pa., on August 14th, after a long and painful illness. His age has never been correctly given to the public. It was reported that at the time of his demise he was in his 63d year, but it is thought that he was at least ten years older than that. He had always taken the greatest care of himself, and when we last saw him he was as lithe and active as a man forty years of age. He was born at Luanan, near Dublin, Ireland, and his father kept the Dublin Spa House."

Then follows a long and rambling account of the usual stereotyped blather: how some Englishmen discovered and brought Collins to England; and how they taught him, and how he figured in English comedy, &c. &c. Enough to say that almost three-thirds of the whole story is the veriest English bosh. The writer knew John Collins thirty five years ago, and never heard one word of his English training nor do I believe it now.

Collins, to the best of my recollection, came to Dublin from Luanan District, long before he went to England, where he staid but a short time. He was a generous, chivalrous, high-strung fellow, in whose nature there was nothing mercenary or grovelling. Having witnessed a very remarkable scene of his career on the stage once, I will here relate the anecdote.

About thirty years ago, John Collins was the great attraction on the boards of Hawkins Street Theatre, Dublin. His comedy and his song made him the popular favorite there, and it is doubtful if any other knight of the sock ever rose so high in the estimation of the play-going public of that city. In his character of "Sir Patrick O'Plenio," the peculiar loss of his head was imitated in the streets, and his exclamations in "Rory O'Moore," "Morgan Rittler," the "Happy Man," etc., were of common repetition in the market places; while "Widow Moore," the "Grove of Blarney," and "The Bogey Boy," were sung day and night, until they became, by over use, a common nuisance.

It was about this time (the year 1844) that the learned dog "Emile," with his more than sagacious training, surprised the theatres of continental Europe. Eventually he came to London, after which Mr. Calcraft, who was then manager and proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, Dublin, went forth in quest of Emile and his master, and engaged them for six nights at great expense. The advent of the wonderful creature was accordingly placarded and announced in the Dublin press, and Hawkins Street Theatre was crowded night after night, to enjoy the wonderful performance of Emile; the incidents of which have little or nothing to do with the incident I am about to relate.

The owner of the learned dog was a powerfully built German, Mein Herr Von Gross Preis, (I forget his other name) was painfully important over his dog, which all the lower professionals of the stage, who had the misfortune to be near him, soon discovered. His private life was a greenish characteristic of the private life of a man, who had no alternative, warned his underlings of these little eccentricities of the foreigner; but they were unprepared for his insufferable insolence and abuse. He was a huge, raw boned fellow, over six feet high, and over sixteen stone weight. He was a powerful, strong and athletic, he thought nothing of knocking down a supple, scene shifter or almost anyone else that came in his way.

It was useless to complain to Mr. Calcraft, he was helpless in the case, and under the circumstances could apply no remedy. The performance had taken with the public, and he dared not do anything to interrupt it; and so Mein Herr continued to make an inferno of around him. But the greatest Goliath will sometimes meet his David.

One evening, towards the end of his engagement, he was on a drive into the green room, where one of the stock actresses, Miss Kitty Matthews, crossed his path; she was coming out humming a low air and unconsciously was approaching, when the great man, finding her way, gave her a back hand blow in the face that set her nose bleeding. She ran crying down stairs, and meeting Collins on the way, he stopped her to know what was the matter.

Kitty told him, and he saw the blood himself—this was the last straw. Collins' blood was up; but he walked with an air of carelessness on the stage, just as everything was cleared for the dog's performance to commence; and his master, enraged at seeing the intruder, rushed fiercely towards him to drive him off, when Collins surprised him about the centre of the stage and in full view of the whole audience, taking a short step backward, he as suddenly advanced, and dealt the giant a square right hander on the nose, following it up with the hand and foot—being a Kildare boy, he was mighty handy that way—he fairly lifted his man and, as the Yankee would say, he fetched him her slash on the stage. When? Most! what an uproar! The curtain came down as quickly as the pulleys would permit, to shut off the scene—a part that was not on the programme at all, while the gods in the upper gallery fairly screamed—screaked with delight, shouting unanimously, encore, encore.

This continued for some time, and none could imagine what might next intervene; for my bill was no more reliable as things were changed, when Barry, the player, walked out before the curtain, and bowed to the gods with comic dignity. This renewed the fun, as it was no part of the printed programme, more than what preceded it. What was the Theatre Royal coming to? Even the solemn side boxes were now completely demoralized with merriment at the ridiculous, oddity so unaccountable. Never was such transformation witnessed before, and so

unanticipated. Had the thing occurred in the Abbey street Theatre, or even Great Brunswick street, at the Queens it would not be so much out of place; but to happen in Hawkins street, where the Lord Lieutenant and the nobility resorted—[was shocking].

The laughter had now subsided somewhat, and Barry commenced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am come to talk on this occasion, some are calling for an encore, but I may as well tell the truth first as last; you can't have any encore of that piece. Another explosion, and the speaker continued: "No Ladies and gentlemen that was no joke at all! Collins composed that part of the play himself; he is the sole author of that piece; it is what I would call solid acting, and he plays it but seldom—it won't bear to be played often. He produces it for select companies, like this present, and then he plays it gratis, for it costs the manager nothing but a little inconvenience. If you were behind the scenes, however you would not think so badly of it after all; as it appears on the outside."

This hint was not lost on the crowd, and the speaker continued to console the audience with his keen, frosty wit. The evening routine was merely keeping them amused until the bewildered manager could get affairs inside readjusted; which was finally effected by Calcraft's getting Collins out of the house, and promising Mein Herr, who was disappointed, to have him sent to jail next morning; after which Emile's regular performance was resumed, but before it was over his master could not see a glimpse.

His eyes were completely bunged—closed up from the swelling of his battered nose; and he was led off the stage with a lasting impression, most probably, of Hawkins Street Theatre, with a photograph of John Collins imprinted on his mind.

The fakes, with which the night's entertainment was to have been finished, was left out; as enough of that had been already played at the commencement, and nobody cared for any more. John Collins, was, perhaps, the truest and best delineator of Irish character of modern times, that has yet appeared. His entire comedy, that has yet appeared. His entire comedy, that has yet appeared. His entire comedy, that has yet appeared.

A Good Story.

Appreciation of what is humorous is a quality highly to be commended in general—but there may be exceptions, and we think, that one of these exceptions is, when Government makes itself the subject of amusement.

Although we presume that this, as a general principle, will meet with no denial, yet practically it appears to have been recently quite ignored, if we are to judge from "a good story," as it is called, which has been going the rounds of the press without contradiction. We quote this remarkable statement in order that we may not be accused of exaggeration in any remarks we shall have to make upon it.

There is a good story (says a London correspondent) flying about West-end circles that may be worthy of repetition. It is said that the First Lord of the Admiralty has noticed from his official position, the constant attendance of Lord Charles Beresford, one of the members of Lord Waterford, not only to his Parliamentary duties, but also to those which belong to his social relations in the metropolis. The right hon. gentleman being unable to reconcile this with the propriety of his position as flag-lieutenant to the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, took an opportunity of speaking to Lord Charles upon the subject. "Humorists, that in the course of the interview, Mr. Hunt, after pointing out the incompatibility of the two positions held by Lord Charles, deemed it requisite to suggest that one of the others should be resigned. The First Lord of the Admiralty, on being so informed, his lordship is reported to have said, 'I'll give up the county, and I know that there are some Home Rulers who are anxiously awaiting the vacancy. The pressure about to have been applied by the First Lord of the Admiralty was of course withdrawn, and the two posts of flag-lieutenant and M.P. are still held by the witty young gentleman.'"

Now, what does this statement come to when given phlegm? Really, its significance is serious enough.

An officer, holding an important position, neglects his duties, and allows himself to be distracted by the duties of a flag-lieutenant, and the duties of a Member of Parliament. A Cabinet Minister, observes this strange dereliction, and informs him that it must cease—he must resign either his post as flag-lieutenant, or his position as member of Parliament. So far, good.

Mark what follows. The negligent officer, professes to assent, and informs his Cabinet Minister that he is quite willing to resign one of them, but that he selects to resign his Membership. He added, however, that he was aware that two candidates—holding views different from the Minister and himself—holding views in accordance with a large part of the nation—were prepared to contest the place.

The Minister, who was the correspondent, "was of course withdrawn, and the two posts are still held by the witty young nobleman."

"Witty young nobleman; if you please, but what of this remarkable Cabinet Minister? We can scarcely imagine a graver offense than that which has been charged against him."

He saw a paid servant of the State neglect his duties—he saw him involved in engagements utterly incompatible with a due performance of those duties for which he was paid. If, instead of having been a nobleman, he had been a simple officer, is it not certain that he would at once have been severely caught up, reprimanded, perhaps court-martialed and cashiered? But he addressed to him a mild remonstrance, and the officer virtually tells him that, if he, the Minister of State, don't allow him to neglect the duties for which he is paid by the State—if he don't allow him to be a bad example to all others, and injure the discipline of the service—if he don't allow him to do this, he shall make way for a Home Rule candidate.

Immediately the Cabinet Minister withdraws all opposition, all pressure—immediately, he endorses the conduct of the officer. He permits him to hold incompatible positions, sanctions his neglect of duties, condones his absence, and endorses his acceptance of State payment for work he does not do.

Such is the real and serious significance of the paragraph we quote. The statement it puts forward in a light and airy way has a deep and grave meaning, which we have sought to bring out. We cannot of course say that it is true, but if it be true, we have given its interpretation, and we think that it is reasonable to merit investigation. If it be found the fact, it is a gross scandal.

## MEDICAL.

**PRIVATE MEDICAL AID**

**WICK CURE**

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**DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S**

**PRIVATE MEDICAL INSTITUTE**

(FOUNDED IN 1868.)

No. 518 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorf Street (a few doors below the What Cheer House). Private entrance on Leidesdorf Street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and satisfactory aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all incurables.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY, REFERS HIS SINGULAR case to the numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of all cases of the Leucorrhoea, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, and all other Private and Chronic Diseases, in all its forms and stages; Scrofula, Warts, and the horrid consequences of self-abuse; Gonorrhoea, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Dropsy of the Testes and Uterus, Impairment of the Bladder, and Kidneys, etc., etc., and he possesses long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise will receive the best and gentlest treatment and prompt relief.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their indebtedness to him, and to state that their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary Public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands that public health, and the cure of disease, be made known to the people. Being a Physician, of whom hundreds of cases have been cured, during a practice of more than twenty years.

IN CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you aware of the cure, and acknowledge, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, contracted with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I felt now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured. The Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who suffer from Gleet and Stricture, that you should apply to Dr. W. K. DOHERTY for my address and call and see him. (I keep a store in this city, and believe that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best. I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.)

I am, Doctor, very truly yours,

JOHN J. SULLIVAN, Notary Public.

San Francisco, June 1st, 1874.

DR. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, No. 518 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorf Street, San Francisco.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induced me to make this statement. For many years I have been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Syphilis," or "Venereal Weakness," the result of self-abuse, and the most alarming symptoms of weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to render me incapable of any business or study. I was confined to my bed, and my health was so ruined that I was unable to perform my duties. I was advised to consult a number of physicians, but they all failed to cure me. I was then advised to consult Dr. W. K. DOHERTY, and I did so. He cured me in a short time, and my health is now as good as ever. I am now able to perform my duties, and I am grateful to Dr. W. K. DOHERTY for his skill and kindness. I am now able to perform my duties, and I am grateful to Dr. W. K. DOHERTY for his skill and kindness.

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tion given free of charge. When writing enclose stamp  
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you have a discharge. Congress has extended the time  
for filing claims for Additional Bounty under Act of July  
20, 1868, to January, 1874, so all such claims must be  
made before that time. Original Bounty of \$100 has  
been allowed all volunteers who enlisted before July 22,  
1861, for three years, if not paid the same when dis-  
charged. Land Warrants can be obtained for services  
rendered before 1865, but not for services in the late war.  
Pensions for late war, and war of 1812 obtained and in-  
creased when allowed for less than disability warrants,  
but no pensions are allowed to Mexican and Florida war  
soldiers. State of Texas has granted Pensions to survi-  
ving widows of Texas Revolution. New Orleans and  
Mobile Prize Money is now due, and being paid. W. H.  
Aiken also attends to General Law and Collection Busi-  
ness. cal. sept-6m

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**Edward Tracy.**  
A STORY OF IRISH-AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

BY P. K. MCANIS.

(From the Dublin Shamrock.)

When you come to me in the new home I shall, with God's help, labor to provide for you across the ocean, believe me, mother, you will find me as deserving of your love and pride as I have tried to be in the land I am leaving for ever."

These were the last words Edward Tracy said to his widowed mother ere he left her to seek in the great Republic the fortune that he could not meet at home. And the benediction that beamed from the tear-dimmed eye of the fond parent and was imparted to him in her farewell kiss, inspired, young Tracy with new courage.

In New York he began his battle single-handed, placing his trust in God to help and protect him in the strange land where he was, indeed, friendless and homeless. It was not long before he had secured a place as porter in a large banking house, his only recommendations being letters as to his character and ability from his old pastor and schoolmaster. But Mr. Boyd, his employer, said that he "had his best recommendations in his honest face and straightforward manner," and on the strength of these he was engaged. Before a month he satisfied his employer that he had not been mistaken in him. Not only did he perform the duties of his position in a superior manner, but he also showed a capacity for filling a much higher one. Therefore, at the first opportunity Mr. Boyd promoted him to a clerkship, thereby, however, incurring for the young man the jealousy of his fellow employees, who could not bear to see "a Mick," as they called him, become a great favorite with the head of the house.

And while he so quickly progressed to the realization of his fondest hopes, Tracy did not forget to write frequently to his mother, who now felt proud to have a son, before of her boy. Scarcely a letter ever came to her that did not assure her that "in less than no time we will be the happiest couple from the Shannon to the Mississippi." And just there a tear or two—they were the happiest she ever shed—would fall upon the page from the eyes of the good mother. Ah, how many of us poor exiles, have, in the same way, blurred the page when reading such comforting words as the above from some dear one whom the broad ocean temporarily divided us from. Those were tears, a less happy than the ones we shed when we read the letter from the land of freedom. It is very hard to decide, which deserves the most credit for causing such happiness, whether the inventors of the paper, the ink, or the pen, or the originator of the postal service.

As time wore on Tracy advanced very much in the respect and esteem of his employer. He had not been three months with him when he presented him with a handsome watch and chain, and at Christmas, Edward was surprised one morning to receive a sealed envelope in which was a crisp bank note, which, he was informed by a written enclosure, was "a present for mother." It may be supposed that the young man felt deeply grateful to his kind employer, and that he did not fail at the first opportunity to throw himself on his knees and thank the Author of all good for the great good fortune. He had vouchsafed should be the lot of the stranger in the strange land.

Just at this time the petty annoyances he was constantly subject to, through the jealousy of his fellow-clerks, were brought to a termination by the abrupt discharge of one of the senior clerks, who had grossly insulted Tracy, and the promotion of the latter to his place. Boyd accompanied this action with the significant remark, spoken in the hearing of all, that "all who did not intend to act like gentlemen might accept immediate dismissal." This naturally increased their dislike for Tracy, but they dared not thereafter show it.

Tracy arrived in America in the early summer of 1880, and he was fondly expecting that in another year he would be able to bring his mother to the new home he was rapidly preparing for her with the kind help of Mr. Boyd, to whom, at the gentleman's request, he had confided his hopes of a happy future. The banker was a bachelor, of a singularly reserved disposition. Most of his time was spent at his office in the consideration of business matters. He was not by any means a close-fisted man. After he had been there a short time, to Tracy was entrusted the care of the banker's private expense book, and items of magnificent sums given to various charities, Catholic as well as Protestant, were frequently entered. Having taken a great liking to Tracy, he determined to assist him as much as possible towards the realization of his hopes. And sometimes he found himself looking forward with a singular yearning to the time when he could at least get an idea of what "home" really meant in visiting his favorite clerk and his good mother.

But how many fond hopes, besides those of our trio, were dashed to the ground when on that dark April morning in '61 came the news that the first shot of the civil war had been fired, and the North and South were about to engage in a struggle to the death. There was not a home or a heart in the great Republic in which the reverberation of that shot was not felt, creating various emotions. The feeling of the hour was one of uncertainty, the necessity of the hour was action.

In Mr. Boyd's banking house the subject of civil war had been in discussion long before the eventful morning when the Confederate batteries opened on Fort Sumter. All of the clerks, except Tracy, of course, spoke bravely of "our bravery and skill," of the "invincibility of we Americans," and of "the danger to be feared from the disloyalty of the Catholic element, especially the Irish portion, now that they had a chance to assist in breaking up the Union as they had all along wished to do." Tracy listened to such insinuations as this latter very quietly, never deigning the scatter-brain speakers the slightest notice.

But he, nevertheless, felt very deeply on the subject of the war. He thought long and earnestly over it, and one day, talking with Mr. Boyd, he surprised that gentleman very much by hinting that he would not be one of the home guard.

"But your mother," suggested the banker, surprised more than his words or manner expressed.

"My mother, sir, if she were here, would tell me, with all the pride of our race in her heart, to go with her blessing, and, though it may put back our meeting for a while, perhaps for ever, I know if I were to do my duty by going to the front she would send me a God-speed from the depths of her heart across the Atlantic."

Though he knew that he would be risking the loss of one whom he declared to be "worth his weight in gold," Mr. Boyd could have at that moment let Edward go off and have given him a "God speed you" too.

The call for troops came at last, and the only one among Mr. Boyd's clerks who boldly announced his intention of going to the front was the single representative of the "dangerous and disloyal Catholics" among them. The clerks hung down their heads abashed when the young soldier, clad in the uniform of Corcoran's gallant boys, came in to bid Mr. Boyd farewell. The banker found it hard to compose himself enough to say "Good-bye, and may God bless and keep you safe, my boy."

"Good-bye, sir," said Tracy, "and if you say you will write to mother, in case of my death, and tell her I have kept the promise made her when going away from home, I will ask God to bless you and keep you too."

The promise was given, and ere night Tracy was on his way to the seat of war.

Over the letter announcing his departure Mrs. Tracy sat for a long, weary hour, and then she knelt before the little altar which Edward had put up in the sitting-room, and commended her son to the keeping of God. She did not ask that he might be spared to her—the burden of her prayer was, "Thy will be done," Mr. Boyd sent her a comforting letter, enclosing money, which he very clearly explained, was "pay due to our young hero."

It was at Fredericksburg, and the Irish Brigade, terribly thinned by death, but with the gallant spirit with which it had swept victorious over many a battle-field still pervading its ranks, had been ordered to face the sure destruction that was pouring down from the Confederate batteries of St. Mary's Heights. Not a craven was there among that band of determined men who had passed unscathed through some of the fiercest contests of that or any other war, and not a heart quailed when the clear-toned voice of their gallant leader gave the order to charge. And that was a charge which may well be placed beside that other famous one at Fontenoy.

Half way up the hill a young officer, thin and whom no braver or handsomer was there, turned to cheer on his comrades who lagged for a moment behind. With an answering cheer they quickened their pace to death. A moment after the officer turned round to continue up the heights, he suddenly pressed his hand on his heart, his face grew deadly pale, and he fell under the feet of his men.

"Let Lieutenant Tracy be carried to the rear," cried some one from among the confused crowd, for a retreat had been ordered when the hopelessness of the undertaking was discovered. Almost instantly the body of the gallant young officer was taken up and tenderly borne to the rear. As he was placed on a stretcher, preparatory to his being taken to the ambulance, he regained consciousness, and, taking from the hat of one of his comrades who stood by the green sprig which was the distinguishing mark of the boys of the Brigade on that fatal day, he dyed it in his blood, placed it next his heart, and, uttering the single word "Mother," fainted.

Washington, in the early part of '63, was the scene of much bustle and very much sadness. Here was the seat of government from which the great conflict was directed, and here, too, in the hospitals many a poor fellow, breathed his last, and went to answer before the Great Judge, not for his conduct as a defender of his country, but for the actions of his whole life.

And in one very pleasant home for the wounded where were the angelic Sisters of Charity flitting from couch to couch with comfort and a holy peace in their every word and movement, lay Edward Tracy. He had been there now five weeks, and it was with a blessed feeling of resignation at his heart that he could look now and then at the clock opposite him, and count the remaining hours of his life. Only a few more were left, and ere they passed he expected to see once more the mother he was leaving alone in the world. Mr. Boyd, who had been his friend throughout, had immediately on receiving the news of his fatal wound, taken a steamer for Ireland, and there broken the sad news to Mrs. Tracy, and was now expected back with her in his company to take a last farewell of the one they both loved so well.

The good priest, who administered the last rites of the Church, and now Sister Mary is speaking to him golden words of comfort, which even his great impatience does not prevent him

from drinking in. At last the sound of a sleigh is heard outside and the young man half rises in the bed with a sudden flush coming to his cheeks and a glad light to his eyes as the door opens and his mother, unrestrained by the good Sister, who knows that the end is but too near, clasps him in her arms. "Mother" and "My boy" are the only words heard, and after that no word is spoken, no passionate sobs heard, no bewailings for the loved one lost or the bright hopes so soon dashed down, nothing but that one long, loving embrace, the last ere one of them shall pass from earth to eternity.

Clasped in his mother's arms, Edward swooned and once more returned to consciousness. Then he talked calmly to her and his old employer and friend, until the damp of death began to gather on his brow. He turned to his mother, and, with an effort, said:

"Mother, you remember the day I left you in the old home, the promise I gave you. I have tried very hard to keep it. I hoped—God knows how earnestly—that we would meet under circumstances happier than the present; but we are in God's keeping, mother, and His will be done. I thank him for raising up for us so good and true a friend as Mr. Boyd. Add now, mother, if you feel I kept my promise, and that you are resigned to God's will, give the kiss of benediction to me, as you once gave me the kiss of benediction when I was setting out on another long journey. The present one is very, very long, but pray that its ending may be as happy as the other. God bless and keep you all."

Ere the last words had passed his lips, Edward Tracy was dead. Next to his heart was found pressed the sprig of green, red with his blood, and having attached to it a little paper, on which he had one day scrawled: "To mother, from Edward."

Next day his remains were brought North, and interred in the little Catholic churchyard, near Mr. Boyd's country residence. After the funeral Mrs. Tracy returned to Washington, and during the remainder of the war, old as she was, she served as a nurse, her's being truly a mother's care.

The war ended, and there being no longer any use for her charitable services, she accepted the kind offer made by Mr. Boyd to take charge of his house, he having, in the meantime, adopted an orphan niece, of whose whereabouts he had accidentally become informed. Nothing was left undone by the banker to make Mrs. Tracy as happy as under the circumstances she could be. Her strong religious feelings were her mainstay, and, conscious that she had the love and esteem of those around her, life was by no means burdensome. The most peaceful moments were those spent near the grave of him she had so fondly idolized in life, but at whose death she had not complained because he had died a hero, doing his duty to his adopted country.

Private Advice to Young Men.

Don't be too sudden about it. Many girls have said "no" when they meant "yes," simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night, if it. Have the blinds closed, the curtains down, and the lamp turned most out. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger into hers. Wait until conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark—

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will look round a little, say "yes," and after a pause you can add:

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have seen—I mean you must be aware that—that—"

"Pause here for a while, but keep your little finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject off by asking you how you liked the circus, but don't let it to encourage you. After about ten minutes you can continue—"

"I was thinking, as I looked up the path to-night, that before I went away I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my heart—I mean I would know my—"

Stop again and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may give a yawn to get it away or she may not. In either case it argues well for you. Wait about five minutes and then go on—

"The past year has been a very happy one to me. But I hope that future years will be still happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here to-night to know that, is to ask you, I mean, to ask you to hear from your own lips the good news."

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue:

"Yes, I thought as I was coming through the gate to-night how happy I had been, and I paid to myself that if I only knew you would consent to be my—that is, I said if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me and you were ready to share."

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan around the gables. This will make her loneliness and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless, you can go on:

"Before I met you this world was a desert to me. I didn't take any pleasure in going black-berrying and shooting, and the peaches, and it didn't matter whether the sun shone or not. But what a change in one short year! It is for you to say whether my future shall be a prairie of happiness or a summer fallow of Canada thistles. Speak, dearest, Susie, and say—and say that—that—"

Give her five minutes more by the clock, and then add:

"That you will be that is, that you will—I mean that you will—be mine!"

She will heave a sigh, look up at the clock and over the stove, and then as she slides her head over on your vest pocket, and will whisper:

"You are just right, I will!"

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